THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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AN INDO-CHINESE KING.

AN INDO-CHINESE KING AND THE FRENCH EXPLORERS.

INDO-CHINA, as some of our readers know, is that south-east peninsula of Asia sometimes called Farther India. A part of this territory was once subject to China; and it is because the characteristics of the East Indian and the Chinese races are here found, that the name Indo-China has been given to it. This name has now become the prevailing one.

The north-central division of Indo-China is called Laos. In 1867, French explorers traversed this country from south to north. At Muong-You they were received very kindly by the young king of one of the small kingdoms. A representation of the audience granted them is given on the first page.

The king was a young man. He lived in a beautiful palace, made of the hard woods of the country, and richly ornamented. The audience was given in a large room. It was lighted by narrow windows concealed by silk curtains.

You will observe the king reclining upon cushions. These are embroidered with gold. The French gentlemen are seated on a rich mat or carpet in front of him. Slaves in the humblest attitude are presenting refreshments. On two frames are sabres, and in another frame are long spears. The vases and boxes are of gold. The king has on a dress made of green satin figured with red flowers. Some of the women of the palace have been moved by their curiosity to push aside the curtain hanging before the door, to look upon the strangers.

This picture will help you to realize how different the nations of the East are from those of the West.

IF any thing is to be done, let it be attacked vigorously.

WATER-LILIES.

WHAT boy does not know the fun of gathering water-lilies? The little maiden in the picture will not be very successful in fishing them out with her stick. As she pulls on one, it will dodge about; and then, maybe, off it will break, with just a short bit of a stem. A boy would wade off into the water, run his hand down the stem as far as he could reach, pull on it carefully, and up it would come, two feet or more long. Sometimes lilies grow where the bottom is so muddy, the boys don't like to wade in for them. Then the lilies can be best gathered from a boat, and girls can have just as much fun getting them as boys.

MIRIAM.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER VI. — *My Quarrel.*

E liked our large sunny kitchen almost as well as the play-chamber and nursery; and smuggled ourselves into it as often as we could. On one side were dressers, from ceiling to floor, covered with crockery and shining tins. In a corner stood Grandmother Chaloner's old-fashioned clock, almost big enough to hold me, if I could have got rid of the pendulum swinging solemnly back and forth. Near it hung the brass warming-pan, ready to heat the freezing beds in winter, for sick or well.

We did not care very much for Mr. Budd's wholesome brick loaves; but kept a sharp lookout for Mr. White, the fancy baker, who, once a week, supplied us with ginger-

bread toys, in the shape of birds, and horses and chaises. Opposite the windows, which looked into the pleasant yard, was the high mantel-piece, sparkling with copper chafing-dishes, brass basins, and candlesticks. What fun we thought it to toast a slice of bread! and never pitied the cook's red cheeks as she turned the spit, and stooped over the roaring fire.

You know what pothooks are in a copy-book, and how much harder you found them than straight strokes; but, perhaps, you have not seen iron pothooks hanging from a crane. One night I had a time helping our cook get tea. It seemed as if the teapot, and the water-pot, and the teakettle had St.-Vitus's-dance, for, first one, and then another fell into the ashes. How I pitied the cook as they tumbled from her hand; and what was my amazement next morning when I found the dance was in her, and she was dismissed for being drunk! Perhaps I felt the more, because I had been pleased at her calling me "a nice little lady," for helping her with my small hands, whilst the other servants looked on.

Another night a strange drunken man pushed his way in, falling on the back entry floor, and great was our alarm till the man-servant lifted him out. Once, a visitor looked so oddly and spoke so strangely, that we did not know what to make of him; but when a hack was sent for to take him home, we found it was not only the poor and unhappy who forgot that pure cold water is what is best and safest to drink.

Miriam and I were, usually, obedient and good-tempered; but we knew how to be naughty. Our mother's cousin invited us to tea; and devoted herself to our amusement. And what sort of a return do you suppose we made? Fairly gobbled her nice eatables, just as if we were starved at home; and insisted on carrying back with us her little Elizabeth's great wooden doll, named Hagar: a doll battered and shabby, but very dear because the little daughter had gone from earth.

Her mother had told our aunts how badly we behaved; and our mother would not have allowed us to go again, had we been asked.

I can't remember about Miriam, but some of us quarrelled over the merest trifles. Our India breakfast-plates were of different shades of blue, and we contended for the brightest one. You may think if your plates are white, and all alike, that there will be no danger of your quarrelling. But it is the disposition, not the plates, that makes the trouble.

I will tell you of the quarrel, that, all these long years, I have not been able to forget. It will bring a blessing at last, if it saves you from a like offence.

One Sunday morning, when, if ever, children should love one another, Anita and I were the first down stairs. Now, perhaps, Molly had yielded too much to me, and I was so used to having my own way, that I did not know how to give up; and Anita had a strong will, and was set on being as grown-up as I was: so, almost any thing was enough to set us quarrelling. We caught sight of the "Christian Register." Perhaps I wanted to read the child's story on the fourth page; probably Anita wanted to make believe read it. She may have got hold of it first, so thought she had the best right to it, or I thought I had from being the eldest.

We ran around the room, she clutching it, I trying to pull it from her; when she fell, striking her brow against the sharp corner of a window-seat.

Then, what would I not have given to have yielded the newspaper! Surely, I should have done so from knowing best what was right; and the more I wanted it, or rather the more I wanted my own way, the kinder it would have been to give it up. What if

her eye had been put out? I was mercifully spared that life-long sorrow. But never forget, dear children, that such terrible results may follow from uncontrolled temper.

I do not believe I was half enough blamed by our parents, for, in this case, I was clearly in the wrong; but Anita was difficult to manage, and often in disgrace.

If our uncle, the doctor, had been sent for sooner, to sew up the wound, there might not have been the little scar on her brow which prevented my forgetting that Sunday quarrel, as I did so many others.

But the scar on my heart was the worst; and by telling you of it I hope to save one from yours.

CHAPTER VII. — *Mischief.*

IT seems odd, but it is true, that though we liked best to play with pleasant children, we preferred to read about naughty ones. We enjoyed all our story-books: *The Robins, Parents' Assistant, Rosamond, My Early Days, Lights of Education, Cobwebs to catch Flies, Visit to the Sea-Side:* but *Westernheath* was our favorite, — *Westernheath*, which told about a proud girl and boys, who were Rude, Dirty, and Mischievous.

Now my sister Anita was as comical for a girl, as Carlos for a boy; but she got along much better with gentle Helen than if Helen had been another Anita. Miriam and I were old-fashioned little damsels, content to be children, and busy and happy with our childish plans. Anita was full of schemes for the future, as well as the present, and had great energy in bringing them about. Instead of going to sleep, she planned charming clothes for her doll so fast, and so minutely, that Helen almost dissolved in tears.

Anita wished to be as much grown-up as Molly and I, and a little more so. She wanted to do just what we did, and go just where we went. We thought she ought to be content with Helen; and our aunts thought so too. I fear I was not patient enough with my little sister.

Anita generally managed to get what she wanted. A cent not handy, she picked a bunch of flowers, presented it at the corner shop, lingering till the desired stick of candy rewarded her ingenuity. Admiring a veil on a woman's bonnet, she took possession of a tattered one, and paraded the street. She dragged her short locks to the crown of her head, tied them tight, stuck in a comb; proud in the thought that now she looked like a lady, when really her hair resembled a wild Indian's.

Once she cut up a new garment to stuff a pin-cushion; and she crammed her school desk with biscuits, which the teacher found hard as Plymouth rocks. One piece of mischief cost me pain. As we were on our way to school, there came from a house in South Street, a father, mother, grandmother, and several children. The father stopped me, asking, "What is your name? Your father's name? And where do you live?"

I was proud of the name of Chaloner, and not surprised, as I should be now, at being questioned in the street, so I answered readily.

But when I went home, my mother said: "A gentleman has been here, who tells me that you frighten and shake his little daughter every day, on your way to school. What will your father say to such conduct?"

I was so frightened that I cried, "I swear I did not do it;" which would not have lessened my wrong-doing, had I been guilty.

In the afternoon my father led me to school, and our kind teacher went with me to the justly angry family, whose little daughter confessed that she did not know me; and that it was Anita who had treated her so unkindly.

The next day Anita was punished in the hardest way for her, by being kept in bed, not allowed to appear at dinner, and, possibly, her disgrace known to our uncle, the doctor, and his handsome son.

I don't know how I could have been sufficiently punished, if, at my age, I had behaved so shamefully. When I was older than Anita, I was sent to bed for a less fault; and so were we all. Our mother gone on a journey, a young aunt was keeping house; but neither servants nor marketing gave her so much trouble as we did.

We overflowed with fun and mischief; carrying them even into church. A trifle was enough to set us giggling; and when one of our uncles passed the pew with a comical side glance at us, we behaved so badly, that, on our return in the midst of a summer afternoon, we were despatched to bed, where I tried to conceal my mortification by explaining to the chamber-maid that I rather liked going for a change.

I do not believe, my dears, that any one of you is guilty of tormenting a little stranger in the street; but I put it to your conscience if you do not, in some small way, worry your companions? Perhaps, you are strong and fearless; and you make a boast of doing what your little brother or sister could not be hired to do. Perhaps you tell fearful stories, that make them bury their heads in their pillows, and dread the dark, which no child should dread; remembering that their Father in Heaven is with them there, as in the light.

I am ashamed to confess that I talked in such a way about some black beaver hats that were piled in a pyramid, in a room in which we were sleeping, that my little cousin durst not look at them. This was a mean trick; and I want you to be above it. It is poor fun, and real cruelty. And I want every child who reads this true story, to learn from my faults, and the pain they gave me, that satisfaction is to be found only in being kind to those who are younger and more helpless than ourselves.

LITTLE MARGERY.

KNEELING, white-robed, sleepy eyes
Peeping through the tangled hair,
"Now I lay me — I'm so tired —
Auntie, God knows all my prayer;
He'll keep little Margery."

Watching by the little bed,
Dreaming of the coming years,
Much I wonder what they'll bring, —
Most of smiles or most of tears,
To my little Margery.

Will the simple, trusting faith,
Shining in the childish breast,
Always be so clear and bright?
Will God always know the rest,
Loving little Margery?

As the weary years go on,
And you are a child no more,
But a woman, trouble-worn,
Will it come, — this faith of yore, —
Blessing you, dear Margery?

If your sweetest love shall fail,
And your idol turn to dust,
Will you bow to meet the blow,
Owning all God's ways are just?
Can you, sorrowing Margery?

Should your life-path grow so dark
You can see no step ahead,
Will you lay your hand in His,
Trusting by Him to be led
To the light, my Margery?

Will the woman, folding down
Peaceful hands across her breast,
Whisper, with her old belief,
"God, my Father, knows the rest;
He'll take tired Margery"?

True, my darling, life is long,
And its ways are dark and dim.
But God knows the path you tread;
I can leave you safe with Him,
Always, little Margery.

He will keep your childish faith,
Through your weary woman years,
Shining ever strong and bright,
Never dimmed by saddest tears,
Trusting little Margery.

You have taught a lesson sweet
To a yearning, restless soul;
We pray in snatches, ask a part,
But God above us knows the whole,
And answers baby Margery.

Woman's Journal.

For The Dayspring.

"MEDDLESOME MINNIE."

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.

'WELL, if I didn't fondly hope that I was born for better luck to-day, I should decide that girl coming across the fields there to be 'Meddlesome Minnie.'"

"Where, mamma, where?"

"There. Just the other side of that lone tree, — see, by the clump of bayberry-bushes."

"Oh, yes, it is. I know her by her scarf. But what did you mean by 'being born for better luck,' mamma?" inquired Mabel, after a pause.

"Not exactly what I said, darling. I unthinkingly quoted Aunt Hannah's well-worn remark. I simply meant that it is to be a very busy day with me, and I cannot watch her meddlesome fingers. It is a pity that such a pretty little girl should make herself unwelcome to every house in the neighborhood by her fearfully meddlesome disposition. I'm sure I don't see why her mother doesn't teach her better."

"She says she tries very hard, mamma, but can't cure her; and her papa says the only way to cure her, effect — effect" — stumbled Mabel, in her effort to quote Mr. Dane's big word.

"Effectually," prompted mamma.

"Yes, effectu-al-ly, — is to let her go on until she gets hurt enough to cure her fully."

"That's good reasoning, but pretty hard on his neighbors though," laughed mamma. "Why, only the very last time she was here, she broke that costly and curious puzzle Uncle brought from Constantinople, and would have upset the what-not and destroyed I don't know how much more, if I hadn't caught it."

"But she was trying to see if it was fastened back," laughed Mabel.

"Yes, she's always trying to see some such thing, — but there she is! Go let her in, and please, Mabel, have a care over mamma's knick-knacks."

Away went Mabel, really glad to welcome her little school friend, but feeling sort of a care as soon as she had got her hat off.

"Please let's play very carefully to-day, Minnie," said Mabel, in timid tones; but in vain, for an hour had not gone by ere she had dropped Tabby's prettiest kitten down stairs trying to see if it could walk down, spoiled the looks of Mabel's little doll bedstead in cutting the footboard to see if it was really made of paper as Mabel said, and burnt a hole in her doll's best silk, because she dropped a burning match on it with which she was exploring the dark end of the garret, to find a checker-board which Mabel had told her was not there.

Mabel was ready to cry, but she didn't, because Minnie was her visitor.

"Let's go to the sitting-room," said Minnie, after she was sure there was nothing else to meddle with.

"Yes, we'll go," said Mabel, slowly: "but you won't be very cross at me, if I ask you to be a little careful of the ornaments down there, will you?"

"Oh, of course I will," and they ran downstairs merrily.

"Mabel, can you come fill these pies for

me?" called Mrs. Hale from the kitchen. "It's getting late, and I fear papa will come for his dinner soon."

"Yes, mamma," and giving Minnie her best fairy book to read, hoping it would keep her out of mischief, she ran into the kitchen.

All was quiet for a time, when crash! There was an awful noise in the sitting-room and a cry. They ran in, and found Minnie on the floor, and Mr. Hale's tall cabinet writing-desk lying upon her.

"Run, call James, Mabel! I cannot move it, and I fear she is badly hurt."

James came in a moment, and together they raised it from her. Then they lifted her up, but she screamed loudly and fainted away as James took hold of her arm.

It was a sorry sight, — Minnie lying there white and still, with papers, bills, and deeds scattered all over her and about her, and ink trickling down the polished sides of the desk and dropping upon the new carpet.

But they raised her gently and laid her upon the sofa.

"James, run for the doctor! I fear her arm is broken."

And when he came, he said it was; and poor frightened Mabel was crying for Minnie's mother to come. Oh, it hurt her so to have the doctor pull so hard, while James held her firmly! but it had to be done, and there was no one to blame but herself.

"How did you do it?" asked her mamma, after her arm was splintered and bandaged.

"Why, I was climbing up to see if that stuffed bird on the top of the desk had real eyes or glass ones."

"I just wish there had been a pair or so of *real ones* round here about that time, but I guess you're cured o' your meddlesome tricks now," said blunt Aunt Hannah, who had lately come in.

Let us hope that she was. Perhaps her father was right about it.

For The Dayspring.

CLAIMING THE CHERRIES.

WHAT did the robin red-breast say,
Out on the cherry-tree to-day?
"Cherries are ripe, cherries are sweet;
Come, all you robins, come and eat."

What did the blue-bird say to this?
"All these cherries are not yours, miss.
Through last winter I watched this tree:
Part of these cherries belong to me."

Then a brown sparrow came this way.
What do you think *he* had to say?
"I killed some insects here one time;
Some of these cherries, sure, are mine."

"Here I come," said a little wren;
"You cannot guess where I have been." —
"Listening?" — "Yes: and I declare
I truly think I own a share.

"You remember — of course, you do —
When I devoured a score or two
Of great black ants on this same tree.
Now don't these cherries belong to me?"

"Ah!" said a roguish chick-a-dee,
"*All* these cherries belong to me.
I ate ten beetles here last spring.
You never heard of such a thing?

"Of course not; but now, don't you see,
This fruit by right belongs to me?
Had I just let those beetles grow,
There would have been no fruit, you know."

"Where is my gun?" said Farmer B.
"Only look on my cherry-tree!
What selfish birds! Here, bring my gun,
Or they'll devour every one."

Away flew blue-bird and robin red;
Away flew sparrow overhead.
Off flew the timid little jay,
To come not back again that day.

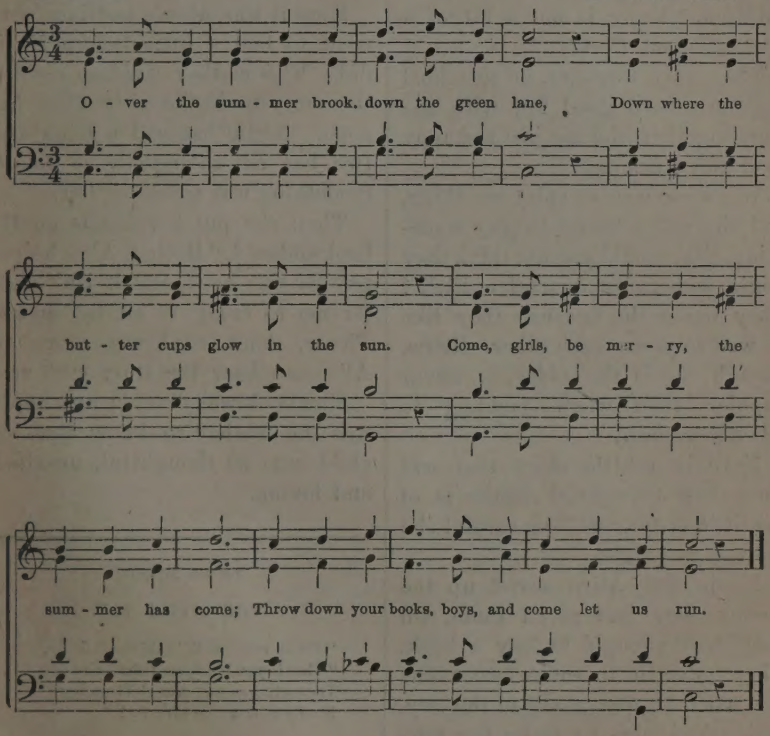
Away flew roguish chick-a-dee.
"Ha, ha! ho, ho!" laughed Farmer B.
"Didn't I scare them, every one?
Now put away that wooden gun!"

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, July, 1874.

THE EXCURSION.

Moderato. OLD GERMAN MUSIC.


O - ver the sum - mer brook, down the green lane, Down where the
but - ter cups glow in the sun. Come, girls, be mer - ry, the
sum - mer has come; Throw down your books, boys, and come let us run.

See where the oriole builds in the elm.
Hush, girls, be careful, her young brood will wake!
See where the sail-boat skims swift o'er the pond!
Up with the sails, boys, a ride we will take.

Say, was there any thing ever so gay?
Nothing to do but to dance and to run;
Nothing to do but be glad and to sing;
Come, then, be merry; come join in the fun!

NELLIE AND ALICE.

THESE two sisters are very fond of each other. Nellie is seven years old, and Alice five. They are good children. There is not a bit of a mistake about that.

They play together, go to school together, have good fun with the baby together, and are just as happy as children can be.

When one wants to play one thing, and the other wants to play something else, should you not think they might sometimes quarrel a little? They never do, because they like so well to please each other. Nellie, though she is the older, is never happier than when yielding to Alice's wishes.

Here is a little story that will show how thoughtful Nellie is of her little sister, and how careful she is to do just right.

Nellie and Alice saved up the money they had given them, till they had enough to buy a book. They gave it to their father one day when he was going to the city, and asked him to make the purchase.

Their father was very glad to do so, and found for them a very pretty book. It contained a good story, just such a one as all children like.

In the evening the little girls sat down with their mother, and admired the book father had brought home. Then they wanted mother to read it to them. She began to read, and the two little girls listened with delight.

Soon it was Alice's bedtime. She went to bed a little before Nellie did. The mother went on reading the story to Nellie after Alice had gone. Nellie listened a minute or two, but not so happily as before. Something was troubling her.

Then she put her hands on the book and said, "Mother, Alice helped pay for this book, and it isn't right for me to enjoy it all by myself. Please, don't read any more till Alice can hear the story with me."

The book was closed; and happy was the mother to know that her child was so thoughtful, unselfish, and loving.

For The Dayspring.

THE LITTLE FLY.

"I'M so very small," said the little fly,
"That if you pinch me I shall die;
Then will you not, dear children, try
Kindly to treat the little fly?"

"I have five eyes," said the little fly,
"And a pair of wings to mount on high,
Up, up, up, far into the sky.
Don't you wish you were a little fly?

I have besides three pairs of feet,
And a little proboscis, to help me eat;
And for my food I've bread and meat,
And sometimes a bit of something sweet.

And I am dressed in colors bright,
Which sparkle in the bright sunlight,
And never fail to gladden the sight,
If only you catch the shade aright.

And God, who made both you and me,
And every wonderful thing we see, —
The wasp, the ant, and the busy bee, —
He cares for you, He cares for me,

And He hath made each living thing;
He made the little birds that sing,
And every insect's tiny wing.
Then do not hurt a living thing.

Do not hurt what God hath made;
And never, never, be it said,
That any little lad or maid
Has ever hurt what God hath made."

M. L. B.

For The Dayspring.

CHARLIE'S WISH.

"I WISH I was a girl!" said Charlie Allen to himself, as he walked slowly home from Sunday school.

You may imagine he felt pretty badly, or he would never have made a wish like that. A boy would generally look upon it as the worst misfortune that could happen to him, to become a girl. But Charlie *was* feeling badly. The superintendent had asked the scholars to see how much good they could do before going to bed that night, and Charlie meant to try as hard as he could. Yet when he got to thinking about it, it seemed to him that girls could be ten times as useful as boys, in the house and out of it; and before he knew what he was about, he uttered his wish, — "I wish I was a girl! boys can't do any good."

He had been walking in the road, and just as he said this he stumbled and fell. Picking himself up slowly, he laid hold of the big stone that caused the accident, and by great effort rolled it away. "There, Mr. Peter," said he (for his teacher told him, that very day, that Peter meant a rock), — "There, Mr. Peter, you'll not trip anybody else up to-day."

Leaving the highway, he now turned into the little path which led across the brook and up the hill, for that was the nearest way home. The little foot-bridge, however, proved to be out of order; and as he walked dreamily over it, still wishing he was a girl, one of its boards tilted up and almost threw him into the water. "Heigh-ho!" said he; "so much for dreaming: but I'll prevent your giving any body else a ducking." So he found a good long nail that he could use again, and, with a stone for a hammer, he made the bridge so firm that anybody could walk over it without any fear of its giving way.

Just before getting to his mother's house he passed the Widow Arnold's, whose beautiful garden he generally stopped to admire. Like most boys he got more pleasure from a beautiful garden than from a pretty dress. The gate was swinging as he went by, for some one had carelessly left it open; and Charlie took good pains to latch it, as he gave a last look at the rare flowers, and then walked slowly to his own home, — muttering as he had all along, "I wish I was a girl! boys can't do any good."

But boys can sleep, if they can't do any thing else. Charlie dropped asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow; and almost at the same minute, too, he began to dream. He thought he saw a carriage rapidly drawn along the main road. A great stone lay in its way, — which the driver did not notice until too late. One of the wheels struck the stone with so great violence as to overturn the carriage and throw all its inmates to the ground; and Charlie, thinking they must be nearly killed, called aloud for help. That awakened him from his dream;

and it was with a feeling of relief that he said, "That stone will never tip a carriage over: for I rolled it into the ditch." So he dropped asleep again with a light heart.

But again he dreamed. He thought he saw old Mr. Hastings, who was wounded in the war, crossing the little foot-bridge. That loose board tilted up, as it had in the afternoon, and the lame man, unable to jump like the active boy, fell into the stream and was swept away towards the mill pond. Again Charlie screamed for help, and again awakened himself from the frightful dream, — only to have a fresh joy in thinking, "Nobody need be drowned in *that* way; for I fixed the bridge myself."

Then morning seemed to come. The boy put his head out of the window, and looked towards the neighboring garden at which he always liked to gaze. But its beauty was all gone now. Some stray cattle had been there in the night, and finding the gate open had entered, eaten all they wanted, trampled down the rest, and had left hardly a trace of the former beauty. "Poor Mrs. Arnold!" said Charlie; "I must go right over and see if there is any thing I can help her do." And off he started. But the first motion aroused him, and he found to his surprise that he had been dreaming again. Now, however, it was time to get up in real earnest; and he quietly laughed to himself while dressing, as the thought came into his mind, "Of course, the cattle couldn't get into that garden: I latched the gate myself."

At the breakfast table, he told his mother all about the wish and the dream. She laughed at him a little at the first; but as his story went on, she became quite sober, and, when he finished, told him the dream was sent to show what harm might have happened if he had not stopped in his walk to put things right. They talked about it for a long time. What they said, I don't know; but Charlie never again thought boys could do no good, and never again wished that he was a girl.

For The Dayspring.

SELLING THE BABY.

A TRUE STORY.

I'LL tell you a story of Charley Wise,
A dear little fellow with bright blue eyes,
Who loved his mother and Baby Nate;
But better he loved sweet candy and cake.

His father would buy him, from day to day,
The prettiest toys he found by the way,—
A whip and a top, a bat and a ball;
But Charley cared nothing for these at all.

One evening he brought home a black and tan,
The cunningest puppy, whose name was Dan;
But Charley wanted to send him away,
And said he did nothing but bark all day.

A lady once came to see his mother,
And asked little Charley to sell his brother.
She offered him first a dollar in gold;
But Charley said, "Baby must not be sold."

She offered him next a canary bird;
The brave little fellow said never a word.
A beautiful engine, with bright tin car;
But Charley said, "Baby must stay with mamma."

She offered to send him a rocking-horse,
On which he could ride to Banbury Cross.
With saddle and bridle how he would go! —
But still little Charley said, "No, no, no!"

She took from her pocket a sugar kiss,
And said, "Will you sell baby brother for this?"
He waited one moment, then winked his blue eye,
And bravely said, "Yes! if mamma will not cry."

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, June, 1874.

"MANY littles make a mickle, many drops a flood."

"NOT what we get, but what we give,
Makes up our treasure while we live."

A LETTER.

SOUTH LOWELL, ALA., May 6, 1874.

DEAR DAYSPRING, — Would you like a letter from "way down south"? You have had letters from the West, North, and East, and the writers all told you about their sabbath schools; so I thought I would write one from the South, and, as this is a new place, and we have no sabbath school, I would tell you about the place where I live.

When I wrote to you before, I resided in Michigan, but last autumn we moved to the sunny South. The place of our location is in the northern part of Alabama, and on the southern slope of the Alleghany Mountains. We found it a very beautiful place. It is mostly woods; but Nature has adorned it with almost all the beauties imaginable. By saying that, I do not mean that it is a second Paradise, but I *do* mean that it is a very beautiful place.

There are very many beautiful and rare flowers. Honeysuckle, jasmine, laurel, holly, and many others bloom in wild profusion all over the forest. How some of your little Northern readers would enjoy a ramble around here, in the woods! and what nice times you would have gathering flowers and berries!

There are plenty of wild fruits and berries, — grapes, persimmons, figs, whortleberries, and mulberries, besides many other kinds. We have some kind of fresh fruit almost all the year. In the winter we have persimmons and winter whortleberries; and this month we have may-apples, whortleberries, and blackberries; and all kinds of fruit all the summer and autumn.

The most that I regret is that there are no sabbath schools here. There is one about three miles from where I live; but it is an odd school. It is held between the hours of nine and twelve every Sunday morning. The small children are taught to read, and the large ones read verses from the Bible.

I hope that we will be able to have a school of our own before long; for there is a large number of children here. They are going to build a school-house this summer, and we shall have a church.

Well, perhaps you will be tired of the South by the time you have read this long letter: so I will have to close.

NELLIE E. KING.

THE TREASURE FOUND.

A TRAVELLER one day stopped at a lowly cottage to ask for some water. He found the parents cursing and quarrelling, and the unhappy-looking children crouching in a corner; the room showed marks of deep degradation and poverty. He asked them, "Why they made their house like a den of beasts?"

"Ah, sir," said the man, "you do not know the life and trials of a poor man, when, do what you can, everything goes wrong!"

The stranger remarked (as he noticed a Bible hidden in a dark and dusty corner), "Dear friends, I know what would help you, if you could find it. There is a treasure concealed in your house; search for it."

After he had left them the cottagers laughed at his remark, thinking it a mere jest; however, when the woman went out, the man thought he would search and see if he could find the treasure, and when the man was out the woman did the same. But they found nothing, and more troubles came, bringing with them more quarrels, discontent, and strife. Once, when the woman was alone, thinking over the traveller's words, she suddenly noticed the Bible which her mother had given her; but since she was dead and gone, it had hardly ever been opened. The thought came across

her mind, "Was this what the traveller meant?" She took it down, and turning to the title-page, she found in her old mother's handwriting, "The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver." It cut her to the heart. "Ah," thought she, "this then is the treasure;" and tear after tear fell fast upon the page. She began from that time to read the Bible daily. This led to prayer, and then she taught her children to pray too. But she dared not speak to her husband about it. One day he came home in a rage, ready for a quarrel; she, however, instead of meeting his angry words with angry replies, spoke kindly and gently.

"Husband," she said, "we have sinned grievously; we have only ourselves to blame for all our misery, and we must now lead a different life."

He looked amazed. "What do you mean?" he said.

She brought the old Bible to him, and said, "There is the treasure, see! I have found it."

His heart was moved; she read to him of the Lord Jesus and of his love. Day after day she read to him and the children, and when the following year the traveller again called at the cottage, the scene he then saw was a contrast indeed to what it had been before.

The Children's Paper.

For The Dayspring.

THE WATCH.

[From the German of Rückert.]

TAKE, son (and may it strike joy for thee evermore),
The watch thy grandsire once, and then thy father, bore.

Take it, and wear it now; and may it show, as thine,
Still fairer hours than, on its face, thy sires saw shine!

Whether the busy hour it mark, or bright and gay,
Ne'er may it point the hour that, wasted, slipped away!

For never — set thou back the watch-hands as thou may —
Can wasted time come back, or fortune dreamed away.

A type of life is this, thy father gave to thee:
Life, like the watch, runs down uninterruptedly.

The watch, when once run down, may be wound up again;
For that of life no key was ever given to men!

C. T. B.

"JESUS' SEAT."

FAR, far away o'er the deep blue sea
Lived a man who was kind as kind could be.
He loved little children, and spread every day
A table from which none went empty away.
Poor children came in from the alley and street,
With rags on their backs, and no shoes on their feet;
Girls and boys, large and small, some naughty and rude,
But John Falk loved them all and did them all good.
And, while they were eating he often would tell
Of the Lord Jesus Christ, who on earth did once dwell;
How he loved little children — each one of them there
He was watching from heaven with tenderest care —
And how happy and blessed would be the child's part
Who would let the dear Saviour come dwell in his heart.
Each day when the children assembled to eat,
He taught them to offer this grace for their meat:
"Bless, Jesus, the food thou hast given us to-day,
And come and sup with us, dear Jesus, we pray."

But once when the children had finished this prayer,
One poor little fellow stood still by his chair
For a moment, then ran to the closet where stood
The bright cups of tin and the platters of wood.

"Now what is the matter?" said Falk to the child.
The little one looked in his kind face and smiled:
"We asked the Lord Jesus just now in our grace
To sup with us here; but we've given him no place.
If he should come in, how sad it would be!
But I'll put him a stool close here beside me."

Then the boy, quite contented, sat down to his food;
He was hungry and tired, and his supper was good!
But a few moments after, he heard at the door
A knock low and timid, — one knock and no more.
He started to open it, hoping to meet
The Lord Jesus Christ come to look for his seat;
But when it was open he no one could see
But a poor little child, much poorer than he;
His face blue with hunger, his garments, so old,
Were dripping with rain, and he shivered with cold.
"Come in!" cried the boy, in a tone of delight,
"I suppose the Lord Christ could not come here to-night,
Though we asked him to come and partake of our bread;
So he's just sent you down to us here in his stead.
The supper is good, and we'll each give you some.
And tell the Lord Christ we are glad you have come."

From that time, when the children assembled to eat,
There was always one place called "the Lord Jesus' seat."
And the best that they had was placed there each day
For one who was poorer and hungrier than they.
And the Lord Jesus Christ, in reply to their grace,
Sent always some person to sit in his place;
And sweet was the food that the Lord did provide
For the stranger he sent them to eat at their side.

Dear friends, who have read this short story, you know
The words that our Saviour once spake when below,
If we wish for his presence to hallow our bread,
We must welcome the stranger he sends in his stead.
When we set out our feasts this our motto must be —
"As ye do to my poor, ye have done unto me!"

FRANCES EASTWOOD.

HUMOROUS.

THE "Christian Union" tells of a boy who, having a wonderful talent for whistling, got round a sharp curve of a railway, and whistled with such realistic beauty as to cause the stoppage of an approaching train. The flagman was so affected by the whistling as to rush out and *switch the boy off*.

Tommy's mother, wishing to show off the little fellow's geographical knowledge to some visitors, asked him, "How is the earth divided?" "By earthquakes," Tommy promptly replied.

A little six-year-old daughter of a Rutland clergyman watched Barnum's street parade with great interest, and finally said to her papa: "If I wasn't a minister's little girl I could go to the circus, but I suppose I must set an example to the whole church now."

A little boy was recently presented with a toy trumpet, to which he became greatly attached. One night, when he was about to be put in his little bed, and was ready to say his prayers, he handed the trumpet to his grandmother, saying, "Here, gran'ma, you play on the trumpet, while I say my prayers."

It is very queer; but it is said to be a fact, that a horse enjoys his food most when he has not a bit in his mouth.

An Irishman was directed by a lady of large size to secure and pay for two seats in the stage, as she wanted comfortable room in riding. The fellow returned and said, "I've paid for two seats, as you told me to: but as I couldn't get but one for the inside, I took the t'other for the outside."

A gentleman met a half-witted lad in the road, and placing in one of his hands a sixpence and a penny, asked him which of the two he would choose. The lad replied that "he wouldn't be greedy; he'd keep the littlest."

For The Dayspring.

THE TWELVE DISCIPLES.

DISCIPLES three times four I see:
Peter first, and Andrew then
(Brothers these, and fishermen);
Next the sons of Zebedee,
James and John, who, on the lake,
Oft those weary toils partake, —
James, the "Greater" called, and John
(Him, the Lord's beloved one);
Philip and Bartholomew;
Thomas, doubting, loving too.
And the rest, their names are few:
Matthew who the taxes got;
James the "Less," and Jude his brother;
Simon Zealot, and that other, —
Judas, the Iscariot.
These the Twelve whom Jesus led,
And with heavenly manna fed.

Q. R. S.

BOOK NOTICE.

A MEMORIAL VOLUME OF SACRED POETRY. By the late Sir John Bowring, LL.D. For sale at the Unitarian Rooms, 7 Tremont Place.

This beautiful book contains an interesting sketch of Bowring's life and some two hundred and twenty-five of his hymns. Many of these hymns rank with the best that have been written. It was a happy thought that gave this volume to the world.

Puzzles.

16.

CHARADE.

My first is gained, in some strange way,
From grass and flowers and fragrant hay;
It strengthens not like bread and meat,
Enriching only what we eat.

Though oft between come many slips,
My second gladdens thirsty lips;
Sometimes, indeed, a curse it bears,
And in the webs of vice ensnares.

My whole in glory rich behold,
Now turning fields of green to gold!
Wherever found, a glittering prize,
The sweet delight of childhood's eyes!

17.

SQUARE WORD.

A young person. A thought. To decipher. Boys.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

13. — M arth A
A s P
R ove R
C ame L
H ote L

March, April, were the intended answers. But it will be seen there was a mistake. It was not discovered in time to correct it. Make the fourth, —

A long and narrow country I,
Beneath the span of southern sky.

The answer, *Chili,* substituted for camel will make the double acrostic.

14. — B I R C H
I V O R Y
R O S E S
C R E D O
H Y S O N

15. — Love.

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